

PHOTOGRAPH

the three
kids in
knickers
the dog the
way those
trees still
ruin the
garage the
same ferns
apples the
road only
wider

the thin
belly fat
now the
one kid
dead at
forty

FAMILY

by summer
weeds covered the
charred hole where
the store burned
to nothing, march
just after the
old man died
my grandmother
more undone by well
i know which loss
and she had reasons,
all those years of
watching car lights
till morning
In the fall she
had them paint the
rooms white sighing
about how wood goes
quickly too as the
garage sank around
his blue 53 plymouth
It was so much
like ritual